

DEVELOPING THE BALLET IN PICTOGRAPHS. #62

In these days of fox-trotting, one stepping and tangoing and the like, when Grandma dons her ankle length dancing frock and, stepping out on the floor with granddaughter's beaux, lets fifty years slip from her shoulders; when bites of dinner are gulped down between dances and theatre serves merely as a time-killer, between the last dance at dinner and the first at the midnight cafe, and each and every member of the family is popular or otherwise according to his or her ability to trip the light fantastic toe; we still sit back in wonder and admiration at the pirouetting, nimble grace of the expert toe dancer - the charming tarleton-clad fairies of the ballet.

In the 62nd edition of the Paramount-Bray-Pictographs, "The Magazine on the screen, there is shown the Ballet School of the Metropolitan Opera House of New York City in full swing, conducted by probably the foremost teacher of this art, Ottokar Bartik, with Monsieur Bartik instructing his pupils in the intricate and beautiful steps which to to make up the wondrous ensemble ballet of the Opera. No doubt, the ladies who have ambition in this direction will be enabled to learn how the "ronde jambe" the "battement with plie" or "pas de bourrais" are done although ballet master Bartik, claims that it takes years of the hardest kind of effort for even those with natural talent, to develop into a solo dancer.

Dainty little Beatrice Hellenstein, four years of age and the youngest exponent of the terpsichorean art, does a few steps for this picture, while Dorothy Herman, age seven, already a virtuoso, steps about on the tips of her tiny toes in a fashion that will no doubt excite the admiration of every beholder. Some of the older pupils execute their steps alone and in groups in demonstration of the unusual grace which their instructor has been able to teach them. No doubt many of the young ladies who appear in this picture will one day become future Pavlovas and as premier dancers of the Metropolitan Ballet, will prance for the chosen few who are able to come through with the necessary "roll" without being bankrupt.

"NANNY GOAT AT THE CIRCUS"

An old friend Miss Nanny Goat of Paramount theatre-goers will make her appearance in the 62nd. edition of the Paramount-Bray-Pictographs. This time this funny animal pokes her inquisitive nose into a circus in full swing and before she gets out again many things that no self-respecting lady goat, ever thought could happen, are met up with, by her.

The first person Miss Nanny Goat "butts" into is a circus blackberry target, which translated into English, means a negroid person who pokes his curly head through a hole in a canvas wall for the purpose of enticing certain athletically inclined persons to purchase three balls for the small sum of five cents, said balls to be hurled with more or less accuracy at the protruding "dome" of silence the owner thereof endeavoring to avoid the balls as best he can.

It was all because one of the over-ambitious individuals attempting to plant a ball forcibly against the dusky gentlemen's cranium, missed his shot that all the sumpus started, for the ball struck the unsuspecting Miss Goat squarely in the eye, and then the fun began.

The first to realize that a life-sized goat had "butted" in was the gentleman of color and from then on there was nobody in all the "big top" who was not aware of the goat's presence. There was indeed a circus that will be met with shouts of laughter by audiences everywhere.

CURRIOSITIES OF NEW YORK.

It is not to be wondered that in a city where more than five millions of human beings find a place to hang their hats within an area that is none too large at best, there are to be found strange and curious sights that cannot be duplicated anywhere else in the world.

In the 62nd. edition of the Paramount-Bray-Pictographs, audiences are to be treated to a peek into the byways of the world's greatest city where even the vast majority of its own residents never go.

Among the curious sights that will be shown are the modern "Paul Revere" of Death Avenue, who astride a horse, rides ahead of every train that runs down that street where countless accidents have occurred, waving a red flag to give warning of the train's approach. On top of a skyscraper in the heart of New York exists the strangest stock yards in all the land. Here hundreds of cattle are found, waiting only until the butcher can turn them into steaks and chops. They are probably the only cattle that are treated to an elevator ride.

From upper New York to the lower East Side, is not such a far cry but there is to be found a little world all in itself. Here on Grand Street, the "5th Avenue" of this section, stands a man who is known by the old sobriquet of "Spududus." If you were able to translate what he is continually shouting to the passers-by you would know that he is selling baked- sweet potatoes and apples--hence his name. This man is known to be wealthy in spite of the fact that he demands but the modest sum of a penny for his wares.

A little farther down the street is found the Pickle-King of this neighborhood. This bearded gentleman dispenses luscious "dills" all day and at night writes "Yiddish" poetry which appears in many of the papers printed in that tongue. He has attained great fame among his countrymen and is now engaged in writing an epic on the Revolution in Russia.

PREHISTORIC TAR TRAPS

Through the medium of the motion picture film and the influence of Dr. George B. Shattuck, one of America's foremost geologists, Paramount audiences will be led into the secrets of Dame Nature's wonderful creation of more than 100,000 years ago, in the 62nd. edition of the Paramount-Bray-Pictographs, The Magazine on the Screen.

In Southern California, surrounded on all sides by towering derricks, topping the oily wealth that lies beneath, there are to be found great pits filled with a semi-liquid deposit of tar. These pits have existed in this state for more than a thousand centuries and were caused by oil breaking out at the surface which through long ages of standing, became tarry in nature. Huge pre-historic animals, wandering

into these pits, or perhaps seeking a drink from the water lying on the surface, broke through the thin crust into the sticky tar beneath.

Weighted down with the clinging viscous mass, they were unable to drag themselves out and died as in a quicksand. Their decaying bodies attracted other beasts which in turn were trapped and then in turn, still others until these pits were literally filled with the bodies of the strange beasts that lived long before the dawn of history.

Although the flesh of these creatures has long since disappeared, the nature of the tarry covering preserved the bones perfectly and the wonderful story of the tragic past has been kept for this generation, to be told us by the scientists now engaged in opening up the pits.

High fences guard the pits against the (the) curio-seeker so that they are inaccessible to the traveler. Except for the geologists actually at work excavating and the Paramount-Bray-Pictograph camera man, these wonders of the past are not to be seen and Paramount audiences will be the first, and probably for many years the only ones to be so favored.

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